El Mirador

1939

Published by the

STUDENT BODY

of the

BISHOP'S SCHOOL

LA JOLLA

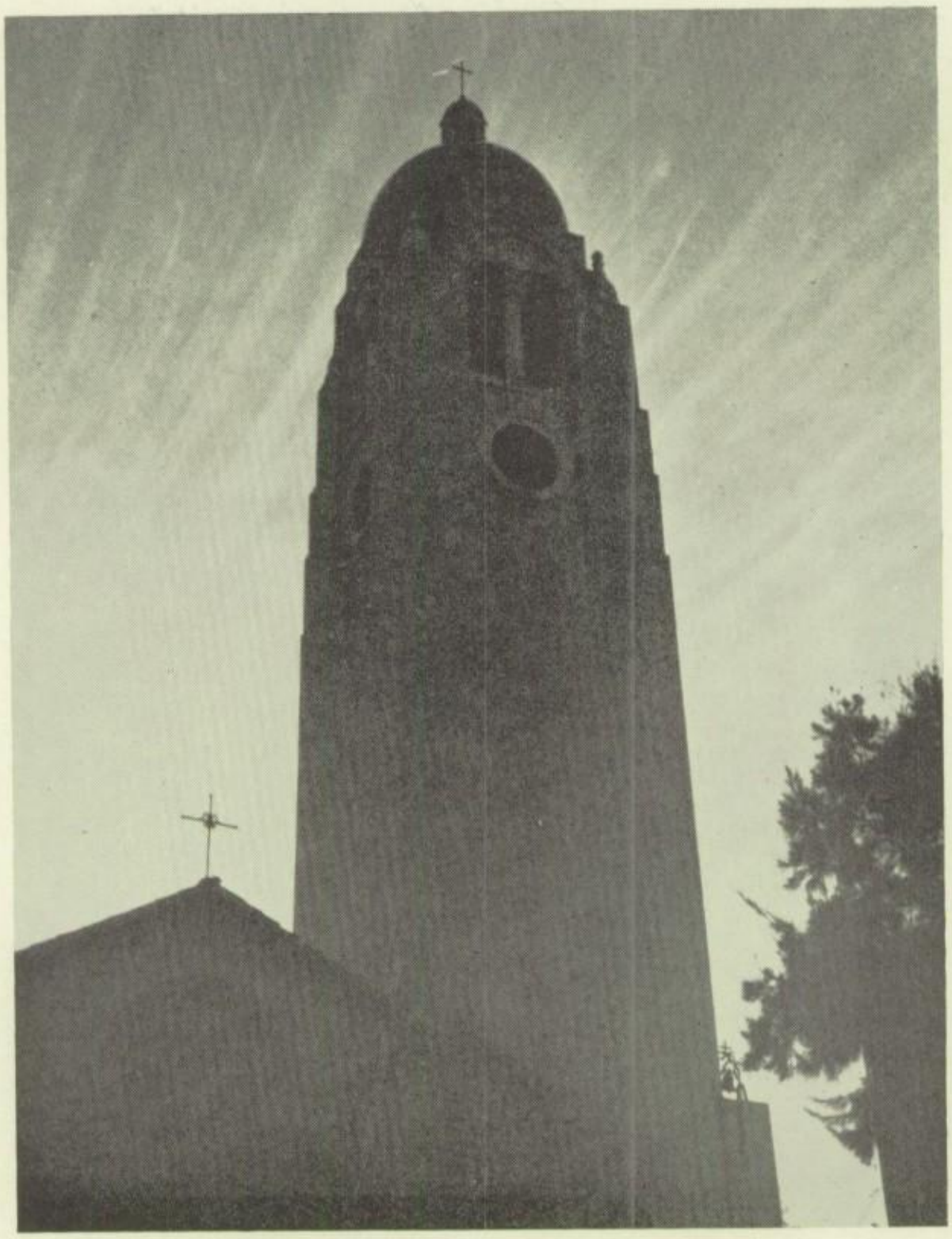
1939

EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES
THE BISHOP OF THE PROTESTANT

FOREWORD

In El Miradero of 1939 we have tried not merely to record events past, but in some way to suggest events of the future. As the section of a building represents one thing accomplished, so an annual should represent a year of progress in work and in pleasure. But the tower which represents such progress is never completed at once.

Each year some permanent thing is built into the spirit of our school. And each one of us leaves in the summer with some new thing built permanently into her life. El Miradero of 1939 is the symbol of a year of progress—a section built into our lives, from which we look forward to the promise of future years.



DEDICATION

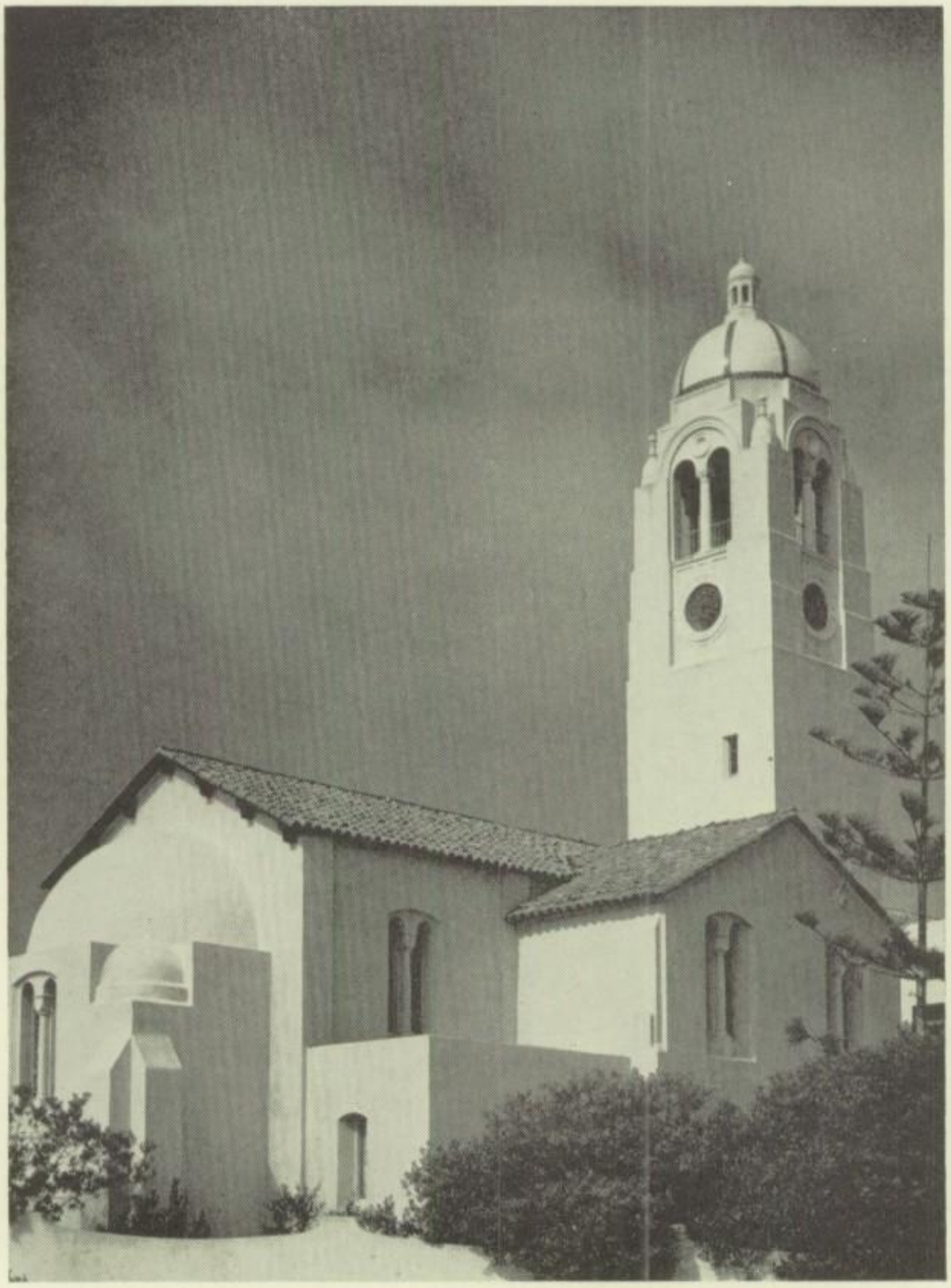
Gratefully, for the aid and advice which she so thoughtfully gave us, and sincerely, for her inspiring interest in our work, we dedicate this annual to Miss Brown.

APPRECIATION

The sincere interest in others that embodies her personality, has become an influence not only on what we have done in this school, but on the things that we may do in other places.

CLASSES

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast . . .



MARY GILMAN MARSTON

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

ANNA LEONARD AUSTIN

What is it in the self's eclipse,
Shadows soft and passingly
About the corners of her lips?
The smile that is essential she?

CAMILLA WATERMAN AUSTIN

Take on yourself
But your sincerity,
And you take on
Good promise for all climbing.

ELIZABETH BERNHARD

Shall what she gave us
Quite atone
For what was hers
And hers alone?

BARBARA BROOKE BRANDT

Rejoicing in the wind that stings and thrills;
Comrade of the ocean,
Playmate of the hills.

ELIZABETH CARROLL CHAPMAN

What Chariots, what horses,
Against us shall bide,
While the stars in their courses
Do fight on our side.

KATHERINE LORSHBOUGH DOUST

It is not wisdom to be wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes;
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

DAPHNE EACHES

It is one to me that they come and go,
If I have myself and the drive of my will;
And strength to climb on a starry night,
And watch the stars swarm over the hill.

PATRICIA GIBBS

Sky be my depth;
Wind, be my width and my height;
World, my heart's span;
Loneliness, wings for my flight.

LEE LEONA GOEBEL

Build as thou wilt,
Unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt,
And as thy light is given.

MARY ELIZABETH HARRINGTON

Still may time hold some golden space
Where I'll unpack that scented store
Of song and flower and sky and face,
And count, and touch, and turn them o'er.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL HOLT

A passionate ballade, gallant and gay;
A martial song like a trumpet's call.
Singing alone in the morning of life;
In the happy morning of life and of May.

JOAN JOHNSON

I am akin to boulders,
I am cousin to the mud;
And all the winds of all the skies
Make music in my blood.

PATRICIA ALDIS MARSH

If you can dream,
And not make dreams your master;
If you can think,
And not make thoughts your aim.

WINNIFRED ELLIS McKELLAR

A flower to calm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage control;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

MARY JANE MENDELSOHN

Not too hot with a gross belief,
Nor yet too cold with pride,
I will bow down where my masters bow,
Humble—but open-eyed.

NANCY ELIZABETH NILON

Asleep, awake, bu night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

MARGARET SAMUELS

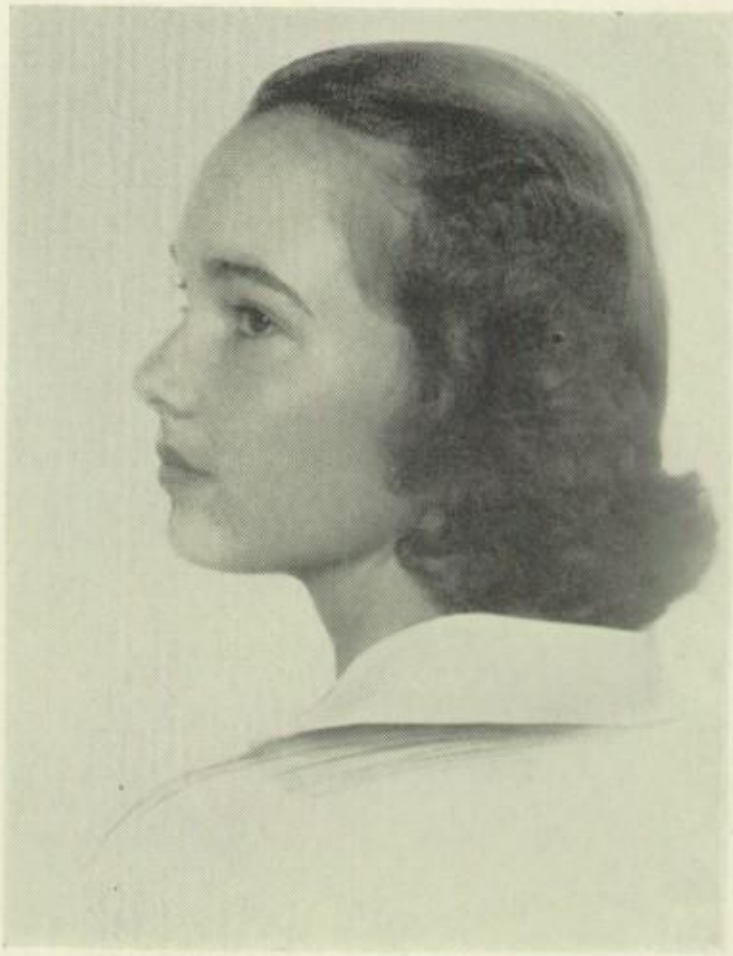
Thy touch of sympathy could find
To frozen hearts the key,
The darkened and the arid mind
Gave light and fruit for thee.

MARGARET ELLEN SCRIPPS

I too will something make,
And joy in the making;
Although tomorrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered at waking.

MARTHA LOUISE SHORT

You are armed with Love, with Love,
Nor all the powers of Fate
Can touch you with a spear,
Nor all the hands of Hate.



CAROL SMITH

She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden.
She can wage a gallant war,
And give the peace of Eden.

MARY LEE STEWART

I love my hour of wind and light.
I love men's faces and their eyes.
I love my spirit's veering flight
Like swallows under evening skies.

SAMMIE JUNE SUGG

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes.
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.

ELLEN HUNGERFORD TORREY

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And Honor charmed the air.
And all astir looked kind on her
And called her good as fair.

JANET WANNER

And howso'er the hard blow rang
Upon my battered shield,
Some lark-like soaring spirit sang
Above my battle field.

JUNIOR CLASS

Standing: Sonia Ford, Dorothy Clark, June Wise, Molly Durr, Florence Rollins, Nancy Speer, Peggy Hopkins, Mollie Starbuck, Gloria Jackson, Loralee Smith, Aline Grandier, Virginia Goodwin, Lassie Kunkel, Anna Sverdrup, Mary Marjorie Wallace, Jane Garland.

Sitting: Ethel Lasell, Corella Van Riper, Harriet Bartlett, Dorothy Waite, Pauline Bruce, Dorothy Greenwell, Frances Luckel.

Kneeling: Ann Boal, Rosalie Carpenter, Betty Barrow, Mary Chapin, Suzanne Joy, Marjorie La Motte, Patricia Beaumont, Marguerite Tomlinson, Harriett Murphy (not in photograph).

President - - - - - - -	Suzanne Joy
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - -	Pauline Bruce
Class Adviser - - - - - -	Miss Mendum

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Standing: Caroline Rice, Janis Donohue, Dorothy Brewer, Sudie Barker, Patricia Rankin, Martha Hall.

Sitting: Ann Heald, Priscilla Carruthers, Hazel Abel, Peggy Arbuckle, Jean Diefenbach, Mary Isabel Gifford, Marjorie Benson.

Kneeling: Elizabeth Ann Mercer, Kathleen Sullivan, Ann Stitt, Nackey Scripps, Audrey Clarke, Marjorie Heyneman, Patty Walker (not in photograph).

President	Nackey Scripps
Secretary-Treasurer	Ann Stitt
Class Adviser	Miss Knox

FRESHMAN CLASS

Standing: Beverly Harmon, Ann Smith, Mary Morehead, Gloria Gerber, Charlotte Cullingham, Priscilla Eaton.

Kneeling: Jeanie Fawcett, Catherine Lucking, Barbara Converse, Suzanne Johnson, Martha Anne Knight, Jennifer Bruce, Marillyn Bear.

President - - - - - - - - Mary Morehead

Secretary-Treasurer - - - - Martha Ann Knight

Class Adviser - - - - - - - Miss Bryce

THE LOWER SCHOOL

Standing: Gloria Fawcett, Peggy Pence, Margaret Durr, Terry Barker, Jane Hawkins, Patricia Wheaton, Jeanne Inwood.

Sitting: Nancy Ames, Daphne France, Dorothy Hanger, Lois Ann McKay, Elizabeth Ware, Marjorie Austin, Barbara McCabe.

Kneeling: Desde Jackson, Adrianne Johnson, Leona Thompson, Cynthia Dexter, Joyce Holder, Barbara Thompson.

President - -	First Term - -	Margaret Durr
	Second Term - -	Peggy Pence
Secretary-Treasurer	First Term -	Joyce Ann Holder
	Second Term -	Leona Thompson
Class Adviser -	- - - - -	Miss Seeber

FACULTY 1938-1939

Miss Caroline Seely Cummins . . . . . Headmistress
Miss Blanche M. Barton . . . . . Assistant Headmistress
The Rev. George W. Williams . . . . . Chaplain

INSTRUCTORS

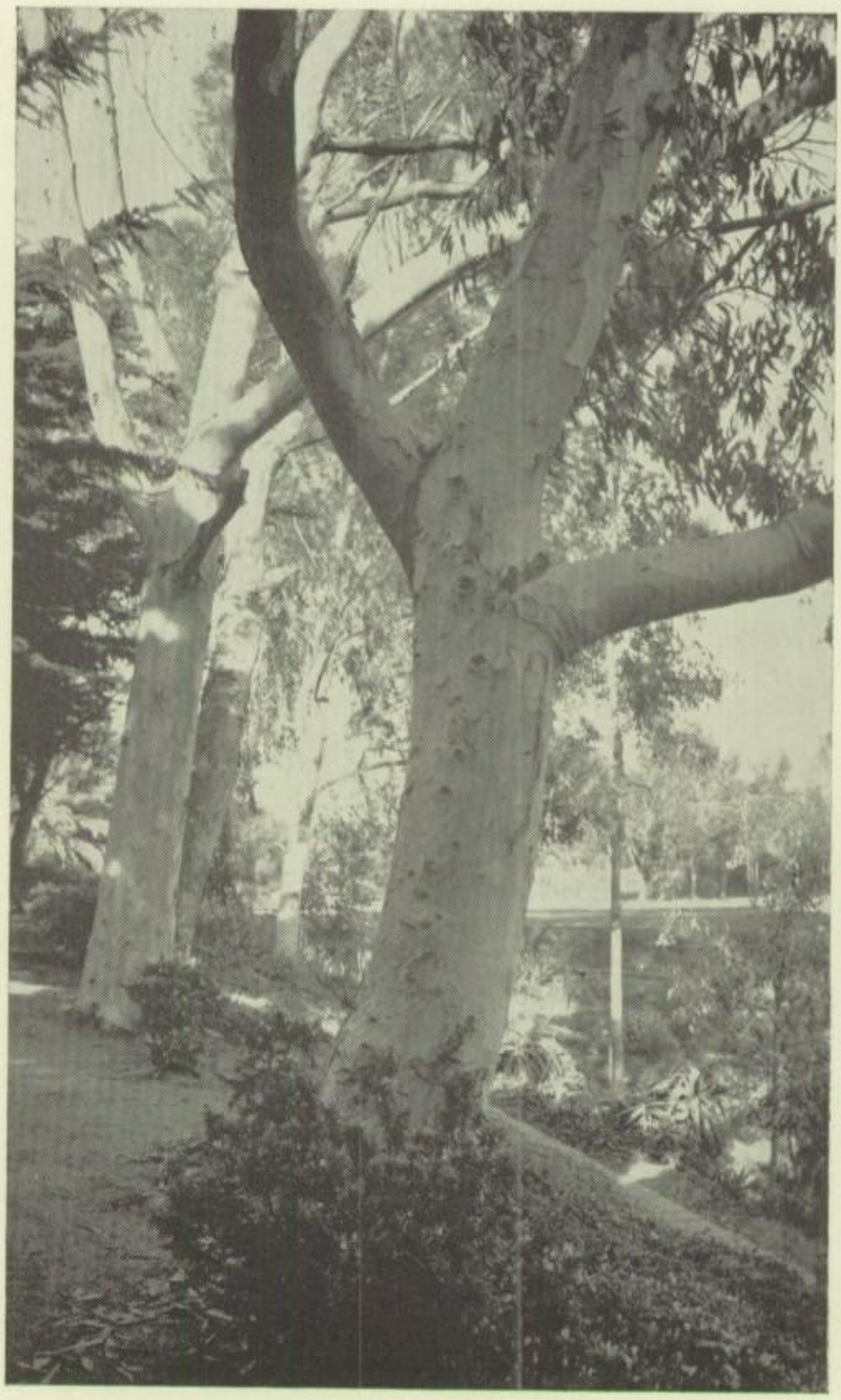
Caroline Seely Cummins, A.B., M.A., Vassar College . . . Bible
Blanche M. Barton . . . . . History of Art
Isabel Underwood Blake, A.B., Vassar College . . . . English
Phyllis E. Byrnes, A.B., Mount Holyoke College;
M.A., Radcliffe College . . . History and English
Gertrude A. Bryce, A.B., Stanford University;
University of Washington, M.A.; University of
California . . . . . History
Mary Catharine Brown, A.B., University of Minnesota;
University of Chicago . . . . . Latin
Caroline Hendley Mendum, A.B., Mount Holyoke College . Mathematics
Mary Ober, A.B., Mount Holyoke College;
Harvard University . . . . . Science
Jeanne Cheron, M.A., Columbia University;
Diplome d'Etude Superieures d'Anglais, Sarbonne . French
Dorothy H. Knox, A.B., Radcliffe College;
M.A., Middlebury College; Ecole Normale
d'Institutrice, Blois (France) . . Spanish and French
Jean P. Hampton, Teachers' College . . . . . Lower School
Beulah M. Seeber, Milwaukee State Teachers' College . Lower School
Gretchen Steinbach, Pupil of Bruno Gortatowski, Berlin;
Frau Agnes Kanter, Leipzig; Wynn Pyle, New York . Piano
Florence P. Andrews, Pupil of F. Arthur Hendel and Emil Winkler . Piano
Catherine Urner Shatto, A.B., Miami University; Pupil of
George Bowden, New York; Andre d'Otemar
Ernest Le Grand, Paris . . . . . Voice
Walter Wilson Boutelle . . . . . Pipe Organ
Alberta Jones . . . . . Dramatic and Lyric Expression
Margarete von Schumann, Pupil of F. Humber;
L. Simon, Paris . . . . . German and Art
Frances L. Green, B.S., Boston School of
Physical Education . . . . . Physical Education

EXECUTIVE STAFF

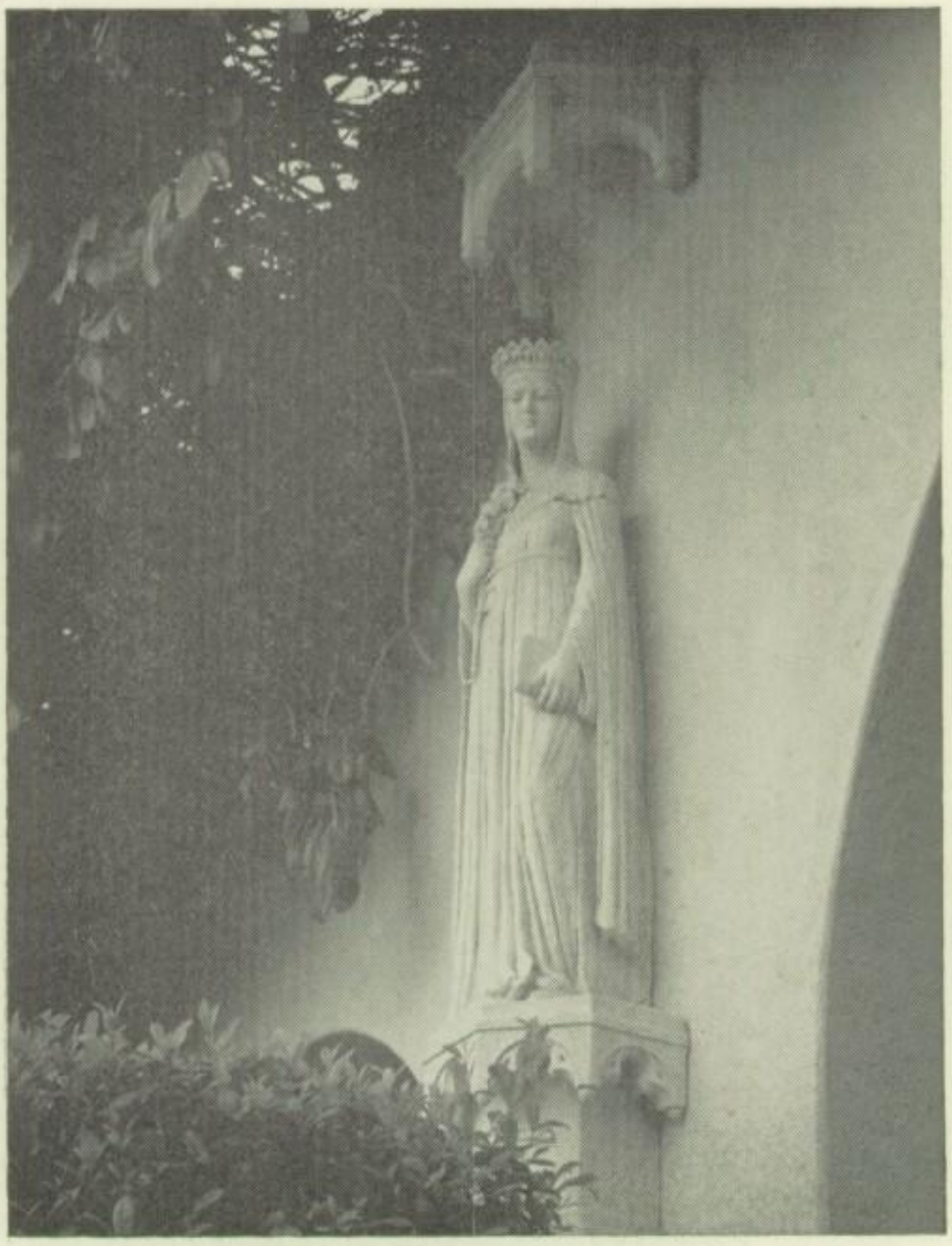
Blanche M. Barton . . . . . Head of Bentham Hall
Jean P. Hampton . . . . . Head of Gilman Hall
Florence P. Andrews . . . . . Head of Scripps Hall
H. Louise Nesmith, A.B., Vassar College . . Library and Assistant
Mary C. Walker, A.B., Mills College; Boston University . . Secretary
Phoebe B. Hathaway . . . . . Financial Secretary
Lillian M. Gibbons . . . . . Household Director
Kathleen Lawrence, R.N., General and Marine Hospital,
St. Catherine's, Canada . . . . . Resident Nurse
Truman A. Parker, M. D. . . . . School Physician
William E. Diefenbach, M.D. . . . . School Physician

ORGANIZATIONS

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.



THE ST. MARY'S GUILD



The Reverend George F. Williams - - - Chairman

Daphne Eaches - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

The Altar Guild is a fitting expression of the love which is held by the girls for their chapel. Much thought and care are practised in the preparation of the altar, the vestments, and the hymnals and prayer books. Under the guidance of their chairman, the St. Mary's Guild holds a position of highest influence and leadership in the life and character of the school.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Shatto, added to the pleasure of the entire school by its interesting programs of songs, on Easter and in June. The club met twice a week and the school grew fond of hearing the strains of "harmonic scales" as well as songs drifting over the quadrangle from the practice room. Many of the girls took individual voice lessons from Mrs. Shatto, and solos and duets were a part of the programs.

YE MASQUERADERS

"Ye Masqueraders" has long been a Bishop's School organization. It is an excellent opportunity offered to those who are interested in dramatics and wish to study that art in its many aspects. Bette Holt was elected as President, and Florence Rollins as Secretary-Treasurer, at the beginning of the year. The members for this year were Marjorie Heyneman, Pauline Bruce, Daphne Eaches, Nancy Nilon, Mary Chapin, Ellen Torrey, Lee Stewart, and Pat Beaumont. Under the guidance of Miss Jones, "Ye Masqueraders" met twice a month to discuss the history of drama and acting technique, and to read plays.

THE GIRL SCOUTS

Scouting has become of great interest among the younger girls during the last two years. Twelve girls make up the Pine Tree and Sugar Nut Patrols of the Girl Scout Troop number sixty. Under their counsellor, Miss Nesmith, working for badges, adopting a county ward, producing a play, and holding cooking and hiking picnics were activities useful to others as well as fun for the girls.

THE JUNIOR JOURNAL

The Junior Journal was a publication looked forward to long before each edition came out. For therein we read and re-read the tales of our daily life, serious, amusing, enlightening, as the case happened to be, but tinged always with the jolly humour that made us want to forget the more serious things in life, and just sit down and laugh.

Six editions were published by the staff of eight girls and the editor, Molly Durr.

THE PI AND THE BRICK

The Purple Pi and the Gold Brick are two volumes looked forward to each year with eager suspense, for in them each girl is given the valuable opportunity to "see herself as others see her." This year, the Pi appeared as a collection of advertisements aptly personified by the Purples, while the Golds portrayed their school mates as the characters in Alice's looking-glass land.

Both staffs, as well as the editors, Peggy Samuels and Nancy Nilon, deserve praise for the witty and artistic handling of two very clever ideas.

EL MIRADERO STAFF

Standing: Patty Rankin, Ann Boal. Carol Smith, Betty Chapman, Florence Rollins, Lee Goebel.
Sitting: Marjorie Heyneman, Peggy Scripps, Pat Gibbs, Loralee Smith.

EL MIRADERO
Staff

Editor-in-chief	Peggy Scripps
Business Manager	Carol Smith
Assistant Business Manager	Florence Rollins
Literary Editor	Lee Goebel
Art Editor	Betty Chapman
Assistant Art Editor	Patty Rankin
Sports Editor	Loralee Smith
Social Editor	Ann Boal
Chronicler	Marjorie Heyneman
Technician	Pat Gibbs

DRAMA

The endless mime goes on; new faces come,
    New murmurs babble in each other's ears;
And some wear masks of woe, of laughter some,
    Nor know they play Life's comedy of Tears.

CHRISTMAS PLAY

KINGS OF NOMANIA

Percival Wilde

The action of the play takes place on the day before Christmas and on Christmas day. The story is that of a young bootblack who is given a famous jewel by a member of his young gang. Thinking it a piece of colored glass, he and his mother offer it to their miserly landlord as payment towards their rent. The miser has him thrown into jail but the young king releases him on Christmas day.

CHARACTERS

Children

Yancu, a bootblack	Pauline Bruce
Osmi, Lieutenant of the Gang	Margery Benson
Borlo, of the Gang	Nackey Scripps
Urridu, of the Gang	Catherine Lucking
Vavna, of the Gang	Marjorie Heyneman
Tomi, of the Gang	Betty Anne Mercer
Tiana, of the Gang	Mary Chapin
Zoril II, King of Nomania	Florence Rollins

Adults

Marquis of Ettari	Patricia Beaumont
Count Luz	Betty Harrington
Snigram, the Miser	Ann Boal
A gendarme	Daphne Eaches
Marfa, Mother of Yance	Bette Holt
Courtiers	Ellen Torrey, Jennifer Bruce
Herald	Nancy Nilon
Stage Hands	Mary Marjorie Wallace, Rosalie Carpenter

MID-TERM PRESENTATION

DRAMA THROUGH RHYTHM

"Drama through rhythm" was the theme of the Dramatic Art presentation at mid-term. Eurythmic dancing was the main medium through which rhythm was stressed. The first group was simply a gathering of classic figures who came to life and then returned to graceful Greek positions. As well as the serious there were humorous scenes, still with rhythm as the predominating motive.

ROMANZA

Olive Price

"Rhythm through the spoken word" was portrayed in the play, **Romanza,** a delicate romance written in poetry. The plot concerned a French powder box, with the figures of Ninette and Francois. The box was first seen in the boudoir of a young debutante whose mother told the tragic story of the lovers. As the lights were dimmed, Ninette and Francois appeared to conduct their romantic tale.

CHARACTERS

Marilyn, a Debutante - - - - - - - - - Ann Boal
Lucille, her Maid -- - - - - - Lee Stewart
Christine, her Mother - - - - - Ellen Torrey
Ninette, a Lady in Waiting from Long Ago - - Bette Holt
Francois, a Court Musician - - - Catherine Lucking

MAY DAY PAGEANT

The canyon lent itself beautifully to the pageantry of **Alice in Wonderland.** From everywhere and nowhere appeared girls in costumes of cards, animals, and other fairy tale likenesses. From Alice's first entrance into Wonderland to her final awakening there was a gay pageantry of color and action, both comic and serious. The ceremonies were presided over by the May Queen. Each costume was planned with such skillful care that when massed together they produced a striking effect.

CHARACTERS

Alice	Betty Anne Mercer
White Rabbit	Marjorie Heyneman
Caterpillar	Martha Anne Knight
Fish Footman	Betty Bernhard
Frog Footman	Catherine Lucking
Cheshire Cat	Dorothy Waite
March Hare	Nackey Scripps
Mad Hatter	Betty Harrington
Dormouse	Beverly Harmon
Cards 2, 5, and 7	Jennifer Bruce, Rosalie Carpenter, Anne Stitt
Heralds	Florence Rollins, Priscilla Carruthers
Queen of Hearts	Margery Benson
King of Hearts	Ann Boal
Knave of Hearts	Mary Chapin
Gryphon	Daphne Eaches
Mock Turtle	Lee Stewart
Duchess	Mary Marjorie Wallace
Cook	Nancy Nilon

JUNE PLAYS

SACRIFICE IN BROCADE

"Sacrifice in Brocade," is a powerful tragedy telling of the happenings of a day in 1919. A day in which Marie Adelaide, Duchess of Luxemburg, gives up her throne, her family, and her home to wander in exile all the days of her life which she lived as one "wandering between two worlds—one dead, and the other powerless to be born."

CHARACTERS

Countess Anna Montegelas, Marie Adelaide's Lady in Waiting - - - - - - - - - - - Florence Rollins
Charlotte, her younger sister - - - Rosalie Carpenter
Grand Duchess Marie Anne, her mother - Daphne Eaches
Marie Adelaide, young Duchess of Luxemburg - Ann Boal
A Maid - - - - - - - - Dorothy Waite

THE PURPLE DOORKNOB

This story, a clever comedy, is that of a young actress, Viola Cole, who wishes the doorknob from the front door of Mrs. Bartholomew's home. In order to win the knob she gives a mock theatrical performance with Mrs. Bartholomew, much to the disgust of the faithful housekeeper, Amanda Dunbar.

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Bartholomew, an invalid of 60 or 70 - - Lee Stewart
Amanda Dunbar, her housekeeper - - - Mary Chapin
Viola Cole, a young actress—not an ingenue - - - - - - - - - - - - - Priscilla Carruthers

CATHERINE PAN
or
ALEXANDER'S HORSE

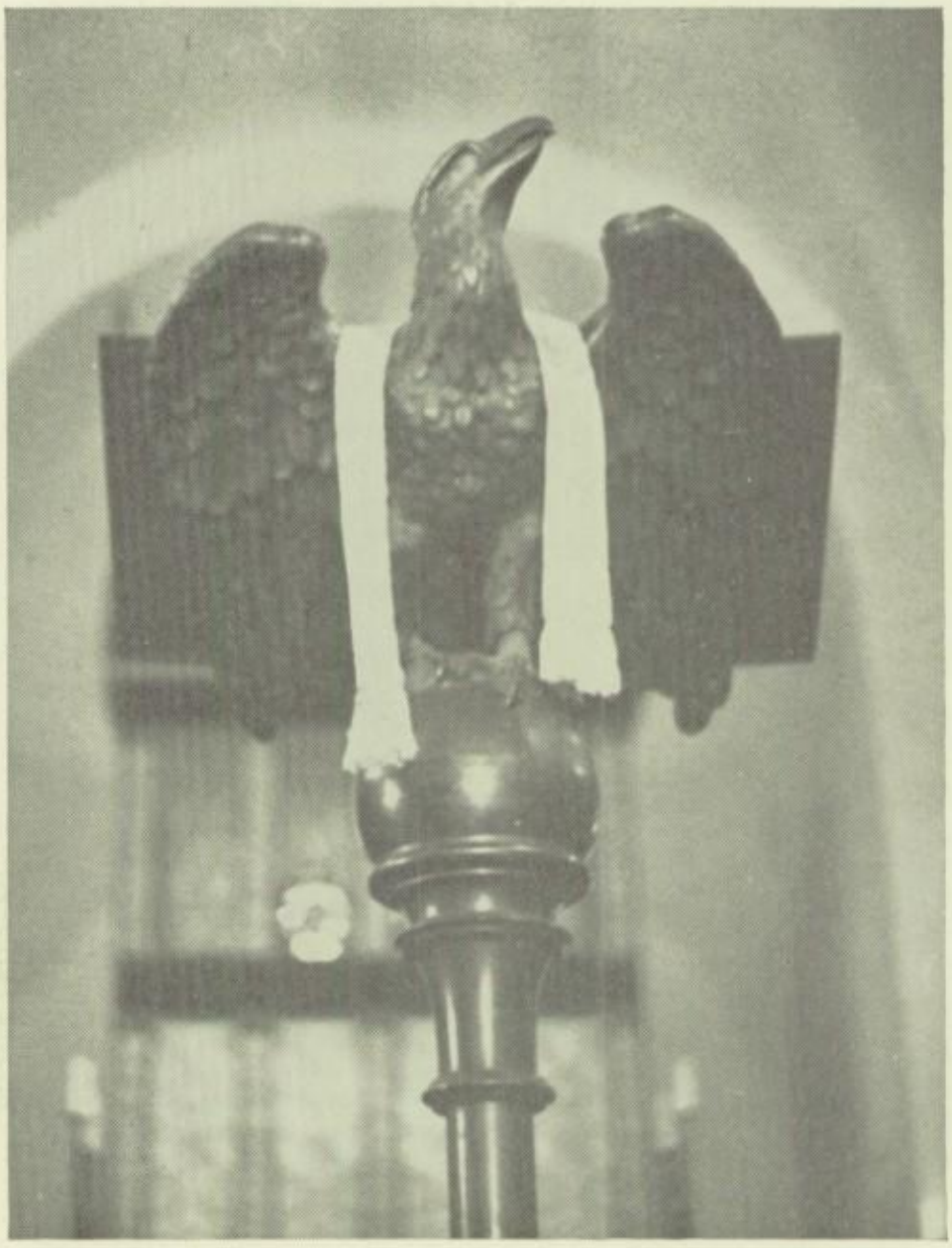
"Catherine Pan" or "Alexander's Horse" is an amusing interlude based on a day in the lives of Henry VIII and his sixth wife.

CHARACTERS

Henry VIII - - - - - - - - Nackey Scripps
Catherine Pan - - - - - - Margery Benson
A Page - - - - - - - - Beverly Harmon

LITERATURE

O Wondersmith, oh worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve and vanish—take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.



WIND

The wind is a torrent of air, rushing and dashing on its course. It flies on unerringly. It cries and moans as it bends the trees over, so that they almost touch the ground. The tips of the sea turn pearly white, and the hollows blue as midnight. The wind kicks up sand and dust in its wake as it rushes on. Then it comes to the high, stalwart mountains. They are its masters; it stops, baffled by the sturdy barrier before it.

Nackey Scripps '41

THE SEA

I know the sea:
The thunder of its mighty billows falls upon my ears
And echoes and re-echoes till I'm filled with sound
And there is room for nothing more.
I know the sea:
The odor of its brine and kelp and myriad life
Is sprayed into the very air I breathe
To make a bond I never can escape.
I know the sea:
It is a bowl filled with the colors
The sky pours into it,
Blue, or gray, or changing like a pigeon's breast.
I know the sea:
Its cold soft arms reache out and hold me
In their liquid smoothness, so cold, so smooth,
I am too numb to move away.
I know the sea:
The steady throbbing pulse of nature's breast
Beats with such timeless motion
It never can be stilled.
I know the sea.

Lee Goebel '39

The lapping and washing of waves of the sea
Are witchcraft to me.

Joan Johnson '39

On a boat, there isn't just the trite smell of tar and salt, but there is an elusive mustiness that haunts you. You open lockers and door, and poke your head into hatches, but you never can quite tell about that smell.

Peggy Scripps '39

The water splashed against the jetty, and swayed the boat back and forth. Permeated with a hundred odd odors, and possessed of a single oar, this boat was to me a perfect ship. It had an exquisite scent of tar about it, that was not always quite there, but for which I would sniff avidly. A long career as a fishing boat had imbued it with a sea-going atmosphere accentuated by a few woe-begone crab claws and fish scales. The wet wool of my bathing suit mingled with the peculiar stench that I was so familiar with, and can even now recall.

Lee Stewart '39

SKETCH OF PODGET WILKINS

As a baby, Podget Wilkins was small, cuddly, and adorable. Women gushed over his charming air of trustfulness and his deep, sober eyes which seemed to probe the depths of their souls. He was adopted, and predictions were made that he would turn out better than his foster parents' own rough-neck children.

In his present stage of development, he is small, slight, dark; undeniably an attraction to members of the fairer sex. Elfish humour twinkles from his dancing black eyes and a roguish smile forever lurks about the corners of his mouth. He is always acutely aware of the impression he is making on his audience, his receptive mind sensing quickly its reaction to his manner. Visitors are welcomed with flattering cordiality, nay, with effusion, to the house. His welcoming manner of delighted surprise, his charm, and his eager attentiveness help to create an entirely false impression in every recipient of his courtesies. Each feels that he alone is the best friend, the sole confidant, or the dearest relative of this engaging youth.

But his charm lapses after a burst of hospitality, and in the bosom of his family his real character sneaks to the surface. He is selfish and demanding; seeks favors but is loath to return them. He expects the most comfortable chair and all the pillows. At meals he appropriates everyone else's food after gulping down his own. He is insufferably lazy. Walks bore him; horseback rides are an exertion. Motoring, however, does appeal to his slothful nature, simply because it requires no effort on his part. Perhaps his least suspected and most characteristic quality is the adoption and adaption of his more original acquaintances' engaging mannerisms. Gross plagiarisms they are, yet they seem so much a part of his personality that observers credit him with originality and cleverness.

Now these comments are not fictitious, nor have I written them to flaunt powers as a judge of character which I do not possess. However, I have been in Podget's adopted family ever since he joined our ranks two years ago. In fact, quite truthfully, Podget is none other than Wilkins, our little dachshund.

Caroline Rice '41

THE NIGHT

When the sun goes down
And the sky grows dim,
When the lights of the town
Begin to come in,
When purple shadows begin to creep,
Then the whole world goes to sleep.

Peggy Pence '44

A SWEET BIRD

I heard a bird sing in the tree,
He whispered something soft to me.
It was about the break of day,
In the lovely month of May.

The flowers were out, the grass was green,
The sky was clear, but the clouds looked mean.
And the same bird in that tree,
Whispered something soft to me.

Dorothy Hanger '43

YE SEE THEM BUTTONS?

This is about an Englishman eighty years old, who in his youth was master of the hounds for Lord Durham in England, and who now lives amongst his memories.

"Do you see them buttons
On my red coat?
I wore 'em in England
When I was head of the hounds
At North Durham Castle!
O' ho! how we covered its grounds.

"Those buttons are pretty;
I had to shine 'em every day;
In England—**we work,**
Over here, they just play.
Them buttons are big, and they're real gold"
(But now one wouldn't know it,
Unless he were told).

"See them buttons? Read the letters on 'em to me:
The N. D. H.—that's the key:
North Durham Hunt—that's what they mean—can't you see?
Ho, Ho, them buttons looked fine;
And when I was dressed—how they did shine!"

Jean Hems '41

CLASSMATE

Oh classmate, you remind me of a clown!
Without the spots, and colored ruff, 'tis true.
But something in the sparkle of your eyes—
There's mischief here, as when my puppy wants to play,
Or has been very naughty!

Betty Chapman '39

UNCLE

I have an uncle, I don't know his name, we just call him Uncle; it's always been the same. When I was young and he was younger, he used to be so different, his kisses were so wet, he smelled like soap, and horses, ropes, saddles, and things, all rolled into one. He used to smoke funny cigarettes that you roll in brown paper, it sticks to your lips, and smells funny like musty wood; the tobacco fell in his pockets and always got mixed with everything he used to fill his pockets with for us. His hair was black and curled on the ends till it looked just like a bird ready to fly away. I used to like his hair because I could muss it up and he never seemed to care.

But he's old now and I am older, his eyes don't twinkle the same, and I don't know how his kisses are.

Sammie June Sugg '39

A QUIET PLACE

Peace and calm, solitude and quiet, are the attributes expressed by white walls, white beds, white tables and chairs, nurses and doctors all in white when you enter a hospital to visit a friend.

The elevator with white clad attendant speeds you upward and you drop from yourself the cloak of bustle and noise of the outside world. As you follow the silent nurse you pass signs of "quiet" along the corridor and on your mind is registered "quiet" and you hush the sound of wooden heels and walk on tiptoe.

As you wait in the sunny little ante-room to prepare yourself for the encounter inside the next room, you hesitate to sit back for fear the smooth leather chair will squeak. And then you suddenly relax and rest, it is so calm and peaceful here; the noiseless nurse appears. "You may go in now, but she must have no excitement; please be quiet."

Corella Scott Van Riper '40

TIMY'S SMILE

Timy is three. When he smiles my heart comes to my mouth, I feel faint and suffocated. Such shy candor, such sweet sincerity, such disarming charm, so much so that I have no will—I can only smile back.

Daphne Eaches '39

A SIXTH GRADER'S AFTERNOON

Today is Thursday—a Thursday in December, five years ago.

The time is three o'clock. A bell is ringing. School is out for another day. A tall sixth-grader marches along with her third-grade sister. The names of her two friends are Doris and Jean. The older girls do not condescend even to notice the small third-grader, for they are the "elders" of the school.

The Sixth-Grader: Wasn't that arithmetic hard? I don't think I'll ever understand fractions!

Doris: Miss Dumkee was mad at me today, wasn't she?

Jean: Oh, there's Buster and Johnnie! I'm going. (She bolts in the opposite direction.)

Doris: What's wrong with her? Miss Dumkee was sure mad at me today.

The Sixth-Grader: Don't walk so fast, Mocky. Don't you think she goes too fast, Doris? Mocky, we're doing you a favor to walk home with you at all. I wouldn't do it if Mother didn't make me. Doris, you're lucky you don't have a little sister.

Mocky: I **do not—**

Doris (interrupting her): Who d'you think'll win the 6A-6B Game?

The Sixth-Grader: We will, of course.

Doris: Miss Dumkee sure got mad at me today.

The Sixht-Grader: What shall we do this aft? Play hide-and-go-seek? Go skating? What?

Doris: Let's play Run Sheep Run.

Mocky: Can I play, too?

Doris: Miss Dumkee sure got mad at me today.

Molly Durr '40

CONCERNING A BATH

It was Fall!
I tramped all day on the muddy roads
And climbed the pitching hills
Till weary and worn, I turned toward home,
Full of expectant thrills!

For I was thinking of taking a bath—
Sweet warm water and spicy salts,
Lavender soap with its fresh white suds
And I had, to be sure, a whole hour and a half.

But I stopped at the door for a moment or two,
To chat with a friend who was just going through.
Then, waylaid in the drawing room, perforce
I heard the merits of somebody's horse.
Till instead of a whole long hour and a half
I had just twenty minutes to take my bath.

So I tore to my room, and I turned on the shower
And instead of the beautiful lavender bar,
I used a soap that smelled like tar,
A sickening smell that made me shudder.
I tried to relieve it with barber shop powder
Heavily scented with rose perfume.
And I slammed the door on the steaming room
And I smelled like a crumpled and long dead flower.

So never again will I say to myself,
Just home from a walk, with an hour and a half,
"Oh, now for a nice long scented bath."
It's all very lovely to think about
But, somehow or other, it never works out.

Peggy Scripps '39

THE PERFECT EQUESTRIENNE

"Hello, are you the Broom? I want to ride a horse for an hour. Of course I want him high spirited, if he isn't too bumpy. Oh, is **that** the horse? Of course I'm not going by myself; I need the horse, don't I? Do I want you to go along? Certainly not, you aren't trying to reduce, too, are you? What! It's the wrong side to get on? He looks just the same on the other side. Well, where's the ladder? What! I put my foot in the stirrup? Oh, but my pants are too tight. Well, here I go! I'm the wrong way around, you say? Oh, well, I can see where I went on the way back. HELP, he's going! Where's the reverse on this thing? Oh, a fence! Ohhhhh! Help, he caved in! Horse, please get off of my lap! Oh, oh, he's headed for home! Here's where I hitch hike. **Next** time I try to reduce I'll use a car."

Desdy Jackson '44

GONE WITH THE SUN

We were on the ocean again, but this time instead of being in a huge, smoking, indifferent steamer we were in a small full-blown sailboat. The waves rippled lazily by in their white caps, going on their way to the other side of the world to return tomorrow. The wind, in a considerate mood, gave us playful pushes, sometimes leaving us stranded momentarily, but always returning. Then we looked for what we came to see—the setting sun. His large, red, goodnatured face was beaming a farewell; his gorgeously colored robes floated carelessly about him; his blue summer suit wrinkled in a becoming way. And then he gave an apologetic yawn, sighed contentedly and disappeared.

We looked a while longer, sighed contentedly, then we too disappeared. Where is the beauty now, you ask; it is gone—gone with the sun.

Nancy Nilon '39

EASTER LILY

Tall and lovely it stood,
All by itself in an ugly place,
Quite creating a mood,
And lifting a wonderful face.

Pat Beaumont '40

LAVENDER

As he came stumbling across the sand,
I knew then—;
And crushed the lavender in my hand.
I was standing in the garden.

He went blindly through the garden.
I looked to the ocean and to the land,
But there was only the scent
Of the lavender in my hand.

June Sugg '39

OLD HOUSE

Empty,
The old house stands,
It once held love and light.
Now mould creeps there . . . decay and dust . . .
And night.

Lee Goebel '39

MY FIRST PARTY

Now that I think of that brilliantly lighted room, the orchestra with its blues-singer, and the small figures moving with dignity, and a little pomp, it seems ludicrous; not at all as it seemed to me then: tragic. At that party there was a surplus of girls, in lovely new dresses, sitting forlornly with distressed faces. The boys did their best, greatly outnumbered as they were. I was rather lucky until the last four dances. About twenty minutes before the dance was over a short and plumpish boy came over to my chair (he had a very rolling gait) and asked me for "the pleasure of this dance." I accepted, and in a moment we were trying to dance some fearfully concocted step of his to the tune of "Flying Down to Rio." Yes, we were practically flying, or would have been if I hadn't stumbled over his short, wide feet, continually. Finally when I was about to cry from weariness and mortification, he piled the final humiliation upon my head. Saying, "I'm sorry, but I have to go to bed now! I have to get up early in the morning," he left me standing in the center of the dance floor and bounded out of the room as fast as his fat legs would carry him. In the seclusion of the powder-room I burst into tears.

Nancy Speer '40

SCARED

The night was dark and screaming;
The wind was going wild;
The trees were being tossed about;
The ocean was all riled.

I heard a little scratching noise;
It scared me half to death;
It was so very tiny,
Yet it took away my breath.

I looked upon the stone cold floor,
The wind howled round the house,
And there beheld the cause of fear,
A tiny, frightened mouse!

Lois MacKay '44

DEER AT SUNSET

We had been climbing for hours, trying to reach the peak of a large mountain before sunset. It was a hard, fast hike and I was glad when we finally stopped to rest on a rocky ledge. Sitting there for a moment staring at the silent valleys below me, where there was no sign of life as far as I could see, I was impressed by the clear quietness of this untouched land.

My companion drew my attention to a sight nearby. Not a hundred feet away from us, eight deer moved silently, gracefully along the mountain side, their sleek, fine bodies shining in the sun. We watched them, speechless. It was the most dramatic moment in my life.

Mary M. Chapin '40

A FACE

She smiles,
A bitter smile;
The skin hangs loose and white
In rolls beneath her chin. She's a
Bull dog.

Ellis McKellar '39

THE QUEST OF MAN

Who is it leads the stars in their great unceasing circles?
  What makes the lighting in the night?
Who is it makes the sea crawl its daily in and out?
  Say what can explain these right?

The man goes up, and the god goes down,
  As the scientists eagerly search;
But the endless questions are still sought out
  In laboratory and church.

You can lay your faith in a Buddha's lap,
  You can worship old Abraham's seed,
You can put your trust in the brain of man
  And laugh at the Catholic's creed.

But as long as man is the son of man,
  Till the sons of man have flown,
He will never rest, for the endless quest
  Is to worship the great unknown.

Peggy Scripps '39

THUNDER STORM

A sorry little group we made, the three of us, huddled around our futile fire. The rain hammered on the window panes, drummed on the patched tin roof and even found its way down the chimney, frustrating all our efforts to maintain a warm, even blaze. Occasionally a booming shook our tiny cabin like a leaf, accompanied by a flash of light illuminating the bent, dripping branches of the pines outside. We shivered and moved closer together, counting the seconds between the crash and light. One, two, three—and then another livid glare followed by an ominous silence. Only three! We looked at each other speechless. Suddenly it happened. A crack as of a giant whip, a blinding light and—blackness, velvet blackness, still, deep, smothering and impenetrable.

Louisa Gile '40

PARIS, AT THE END OF THE DAY

As I lean over the cold stone side of a bridge watching the Seine twist and ooze beneath like great, thick, sluggish strands, a quiet fascination makes my mind hazy and I wonder at the drifting, churning waters. It is a cold, bitter ending of a beautiful day and a heavy evening fog has settled down among the eaves and chinks of the city. In Notre Dame little boys with tapers are lighting candles for the evening mass. On the street, peddlers and flower-vendors are yelling their last yells before going home to hot soup and stew. Along the river old men and women are loading up their book stalls with mittened hands. Swarms of people are filing in and out of metro tunnels, nearly all heading for home. Taxicabs toot and honk, lumbering across the bridge. Men are draining the bottom of their beer jugs and slapping centimes on tops of tin tables. Up the Seine long wood barges are moored to its banks and thin files of smoke trail from tin chimneys. Across the bridge comes a nurse dragging a sulky little girl who looks very sad with one stocking hanging down. It is almost dark and they should have been home long ago. The lights of the Eiffel Tower have been turned on and it looks like a glimmering crystal needle from across the city. Leaving the side of the bridge I start homeward, like the rest, eager for the warm fire and hot soup.

Daphne Eaches '39

LAKE SOUNDS

Drip—drip—drip, drip. As the canoe glides forward, I can hear the drops slide off the paddle. The canoe makes a hissing sound as it moves over the floating lake-grass. The cane seat creaks, the paddle hits the side of the canoe with a thump. Over the water comes the faint sound of an axe cutting into pine, mingled with the persistent buzz of an unseen motor-boat. The shrill laugh of a woman punctuates the droning sound. A family of killdeer chirp in the marsh grass. "Killdee, Killdee." A fish jumps and splashes, then again:

drip—drip—drip, drip.

Barbara Brandt '39

THE TRANSPORT

The air-field was a mass of darkness, the long, eerie columns of light circling slowly like a sleepy windmill. A slow, monotonous droning was heard in the distance, growing steadily louder. At last moving lights were visible off in the distance. The plane was powerful and lovely, its sides gleamed silver as the searchlight beam fell on them. It circled slowly and beautifully, sank down and skimmed the surface of the ground, like a mighty seagull searching the waves for fish. As it came close, it was ethereally beautiful in all its silver.

The roaring and clashing and banging died away, and men came out to greet the plane. It stood high above them, pressing its nose upward into the cool, sweet breeze. It seemed to dream that it was flying again, spreading its wings to the wind. The lights slowly faded out and the men left it, dark and velvety now, with the reflection of the silver stars dancing on its sides.

Nackey Scripps '41

GREECE

Greece! It's only a name to me;
Nothing more that I can see . . .
Some learned, some wrote, some wrought in art—
Byron, I think, tore it apart.

Patsy Marsh '39

TWO LEGS ABOVE THE SNOW

The hills were smooth as glass and we could see
That nothing stirred in all that blinding glow.
A rush of skis; we jumped and turned, but he
Was just two legs that waved above the snow!

Betty Chapman '39

PERFUME

The exotic odor of perfume had penetrated the whole suite, and only vanished when night came and the smell of earth crept in through the open window.

Katherine Doust '39

THE BROKEN WING

The sun disappeared and the sky deepened and drew nearer. A veil of pink, delicate as the glow on a baby's cheek, lay flung across the west.

We looked for a long time, then, like the broken wing of a bird, it quivered. Soon, trembling and shivering, it disappeared—as long ago a little bird of mine had done.

Daphne Eaches '39

SHOE POLISH

The barber was a big man: I came up to his knees. He said ,"So you're going to have your shoes polished, little girl?" and I said, "Brown, please," Then he put me in a chair on a box with legs of wood coming out of it. A short brown man opened a little brown tin, but he couldn't find his rag so he asked me to hold the paste and not to get it on my hands. I held it up to my nose and took a breath . . .

Chrysanthemums!

Betty Bernhard '39

SHADOW

The palm leaf swayed,
All curved and gored;
And sunlight made.
The shadow of a sword.

Barbara Brandt '39

DAWN

The dawn rose up in silver grey
The shadow of a bright new day
Like misty vapor on a pond
Dawn drifted in, then drifted on.

Janet Wanner '39

FOOTPRINT

The moonlit sand lay quiet in the night;
A footprint, in a silver frame that shone,
Remained to tell the secret of the one
Who had, like me, come here to be alone.

Ellis McKellar '39

NORTHERN LAKE

"Spring"

A fresh breeze froths the cold emerald lake. Sheer mountains forested with brightened evergreens rise from the rocky shore. Tamarac startles a brilliant green against the more somber hue of cedar, fir, and pine. Bald spots are fields, half-way up the mountain-side, some brown and bare, ready for sowing, others tinged with the turquoise of winter wheat. Birch and willow ruffle along the lake shore, light green buds feathery against the gleaming white of bare trunks. Horses, mad from nine months wild solitude, and the new blood of spring, tear loose clods of earth, in their frenzied races. Apart from the rest, wobbly colts awkwardly gambol with sedate but interested mothers. Clutching in grubby hands wilted bouquets of delicate wild flowers, are farm children, the fresh wind fluttering their hair and brightening their eyes as they fly along the hard, stony dirt road. Capable, brisk, muscular farmers' wives hang up coarse white sheets which billow and flap like sails in the scurrying breeze. Spring is everywhere. Even the stupid, scrubby little calves feel it, switching ropey tails in animal glee.

"Summer"

Sailboats, tiny flecks of white, drift along the lake: a blue, centuries deep, matching the depth of cloudless skies. Spring's brilliant greens have changed to more passive shades. Golden seas of ripened wheat ripple in the sun. Threshing machines send sooty clouds of chaff into the sky. Deep in cool forests cows munch peacefully, and rest. Birds twitter and fret impatiently on leafy twigs. Horses and men plod homeward in the noonday sun, along the scorching dusty road. Little tan sturdy babies dabble inquisitive toes in the water lapping a pebbly shore. Housewives make sweet-smelling bread in preparation for their husbands' return. Summer-folk loll in the sun on sandy beaches or in the water. On porches they idle, playing bridge. A steamboat chugs: the mailman. Immediate activity ensues. Legs in a bathing suit swiftly run for the mail.

"Autumn"

Steaming farmhouse kitchens are filled with the odor of burning wood and sticky syrups. Farm-women toil and stoop tirelessly to crowd storeroom shelves from floor to ceiling with jellies and preserves. Outdoors there is a sweet spicy smell of apples crushed for cider. Smoke rises in the keen frosty air where sides of pork are being smoked and salted. Driftwood piled high on stoneboats is dragged up from the beach by steaming horses.

Pheasants rocket noisily through the wood, escaping from man and death. For one fleeting moment a deer graces the skylines in a magnificent leap. Wild mallards honk overhead. In the distance a coyote wails dismally. And between the forbidding grey of lake and sky the scarlet and yellow of brush, and the gold of tamaracs, form brilliant patches of color against dark hillsides, as if Nature flung all about her her flaming mantle in one brief moment of defiance against the stealthy relentless force soon to imprison her for many dreary months.

"Winter"

Cold bright winter sun glares blindingly on purest snow, burying pastures four feet beneath. We rush downward on skis, the keen air slashing at bare faces and hands. Snow crystals tinkle with rainbow sparkles over the frozen surface. A ruddy farmer tugs at smoking, straining horses dragging a lumber sleigh. Steely wind whistles, as with snapping leather and jingle of iron, they fly along icy roads. Great log fires blaze and roar indoors, as, sprawled in a deep fur rug, we gaze into the spitting flames. An occasional flying spark lights for an instant the smoke-darkened beams overhead. And outside—white! White everywhere—mountain and tree and lake—all hopelessly overburdened with snow. Yet, for all this seemingly impenetrable covering, there lies the conviction that spring must inevitably come again, conquering winter's icy realm.

Caroline Rice '41

SORROW

Around the ruin of her life
She cast a rosy wreath
And smilingly she spoke of it
Too proud to show her grief.

Mary Chapin '40

FORGOTTEN

A ship
Cuts through the sea
And no scar marks the place;
It's thus across my heart you leave
No trace.

Lee Goebel '39

CINQUAIN

It moved
Along the rim
With slow and gliding grace
And left a glistening trail. It was
A snail.

Pat Gibbs '39

WINE CELLAR

Dusty wine bottles stood on a shelf where crisp dead flies lay with their legs turned up. The sun passed through the bottles and laid warm red spots on the wooden floor.

Daphne Eaches '39

LITTLE SISTER

I was combing my hair in front of the mirror. I wasn't supposed to see it —that young, uncertain, doubtful and somewhat puzzled expression on my younger sister's face; due, I believe, to a word I had spoken, too deep for her childish mind.

Mary Jane Mendelsohn '39

ENGLISH SUNDAY

I walk into sight, a spindly child of some ten years. I am dressed in long, brown gaiters and a thick, brown coat, and a small, brown beret. My brown bangs protrude from beneath my cap, and my face shines with the cold. My stern, gaunt-looking governess walks between my sister and me, soberly dressed in black. My sister is dressed the same as I am. We enter a little, grey church and sedately seat ourselves in an upstairs pew. The next hour or so I spend vainly trying not to fidget and to sing off key. I really am rather fond of our minister, who is only twenty-six and quite handsome. I have a grand time watching my governess, who I suspect is rather fond of him herself. There is an old lady behind us who croaks so much that I have a terrible time to keep from laughing. With an air of pride I drop my sixpence into the plate as it is passed. Then miraculously we are outside again and walk quickly home. On Sundays we are allowed to have breakfast with our parents in the dining-room. This is the most exciting meal of the week. I keep silent during the meal and never speak unless spoken to. The next half hour I spend lying on my bed, dreaming of fairyland (or some such novel place) and tracing shadows on the wall. Again I am bundled into my coat. We start out on a long walk over the heath, which begins just across the road from our house. I stuff my pockets with bread for the swans on the lake, and take my hoop and off we start. It is a lovely day, cold and crisp, and there is frost on the leaves, although by this time most of the leaves have turned red and fallen to the ground. We meet some friends also escorted by a governess and the fun starts. We race our hoops, feed the swans, have races and play hide and seek. We pass daring cyclists and herds of sheep. Before we know it, we are home again, having tea in the nursery, in front of a big fire, guzzling tea and toast, and roasting chesnuts. After tea we play with our dolls for a while, and then growing tired of such mild amusement, start to roughhouse. But nothing stops the clock on the mantelpiece and soon tousled little figures are bathed and tucked up in bed, and the last thing I remember is two very dear people bending over the bed and kissing me good-night.

Pauline Bruce '40

MORE MIRACLES

God, thou hast made so many miracles:
The seed with fluttering sail that leaps into the wind
And plants itself in distant, moist, black earth;
The winging bird that follows tracks of heaven
From pole to tropic forest glade,
Direct as arrow sent from twanging bow;
The miracle of sleep, of strength renewed,
Of friendship and forgiveness,
Though forgiveness seems too cold a thing,
And asks the greater miracle of love instead,
And when these things were done, yet something seemed to lack,
Then from the melody of heaven, the pain of hell,
The ecstacy of earth, was made the miracle of music:
The Master called his universe complete.

Lee Goebel '39

ON KONA COAST

It is early in the morning at Keei Beach, the cocoanut fronds outside our window are stirred, and as the leaves hit against each other there is a quiet rattle. My sisters and I are in a state of ideal drowsiness when suddenly we all dive under our blankets, for a bumble bee careens into the room through the big windows. Then Misas comes in with three cups of steaming coffee. After this we all get up to go to breakfast. The ocean is dazzlingly blue and the long white plumes of breakers come pounding in onto the black lava reefs.

It is a wonderful day for fishing, the tide not too low or high. My younger brother and I wade out to the reef and start baiting our hooks. The fish are swimming, first slowly, then, in little darts of bright peacock blue belted by dark crimson. The water is clear and we can see them nibble at the bait. And then we begin to catch them not very big, about six inches, but we rush back to the house feeling proud of our catch. Our little niece is delighted with the fish we show her, our older brother, a little scornful.

I take a shower and lie down on the veranda. I can almost see Captain Cook's monument across the bay through the crossed trunks of the cocoanuts. A wonderful day to dream . . . Then the others come in dripping after their swim, and the showers are busy. At tea everyone gathers again and the chocolate cake is rightly appreciated. Darkness comes quickly and the boys go to the power house to struggle with the engine while we wait in a very uncertain state.

After dinner we play our favorite card game and our nephew objects loudly from his room when we get too noisy. Finally it is time to go to bed, we drift to sleep lulled by the gruntings of a pig, which belongs to our Hawaiian neighbors, but who insists on making nocturnal visits to our yard.

Dorothy Greenwell '40

CAT AND SPARROW

The cat gazed at the sparrow with a hungry stare in its cruel green eyes. The hypnotized bird stared back. Neither moved. The cat's right paw, black and velvety, curled longingly and the cat slowly slid one leg over the grass, still holding the bird's eyes with magnetic charm. Another black leg moved. Still the sparrow remained stationary. The sparrow trembled. Those green eyes came closer and closer. Then the cat stopped. He gathered himself in. He pounced. But in that fraction of a second the green eyes lost their magic control and the sparrow with a shrill jeep of terror rose into the air, his wings missing the long claws by a fourth of an inch.

Nancy Speer '40

SPORTS

A warm air blew
My wintry slothfulness beyond the stars;
And over all indifference there streamed
A myriad urges in one rushing wave . . .

BASKETBALL

Much zest was added to the crisp autumn days when a great many people tried out for the basketball teams. On Thanksgiving day after an exciting and spirited luncheon presided over by the Purple and Gold Captains, Jane Garland and Camilla Austin, the big game was held, and the awarded fifteen points went to the Golds after sharp and excellent competition.

In addition to this there were inter-class games which stimulated class spirit, besides improving technique.

Basketball, now one of the most popular sports engaged in at Bishop's, is enjoyed by both players and spectators.

BASKETBALL TEAMS

GOLDS		PURPLES
Betty Harrington	Forward	Hazel Abel
Barbara Brandt	Forward	Ann Stitt
Pat Gibbs	Center	Joan Johnson
Camilla Austin	Side-Center	Gloria Jackson
Harriet Bartlett	Guard	Jane Garland
Suzanne Joy	Guard	June Sugg

HOCKEY

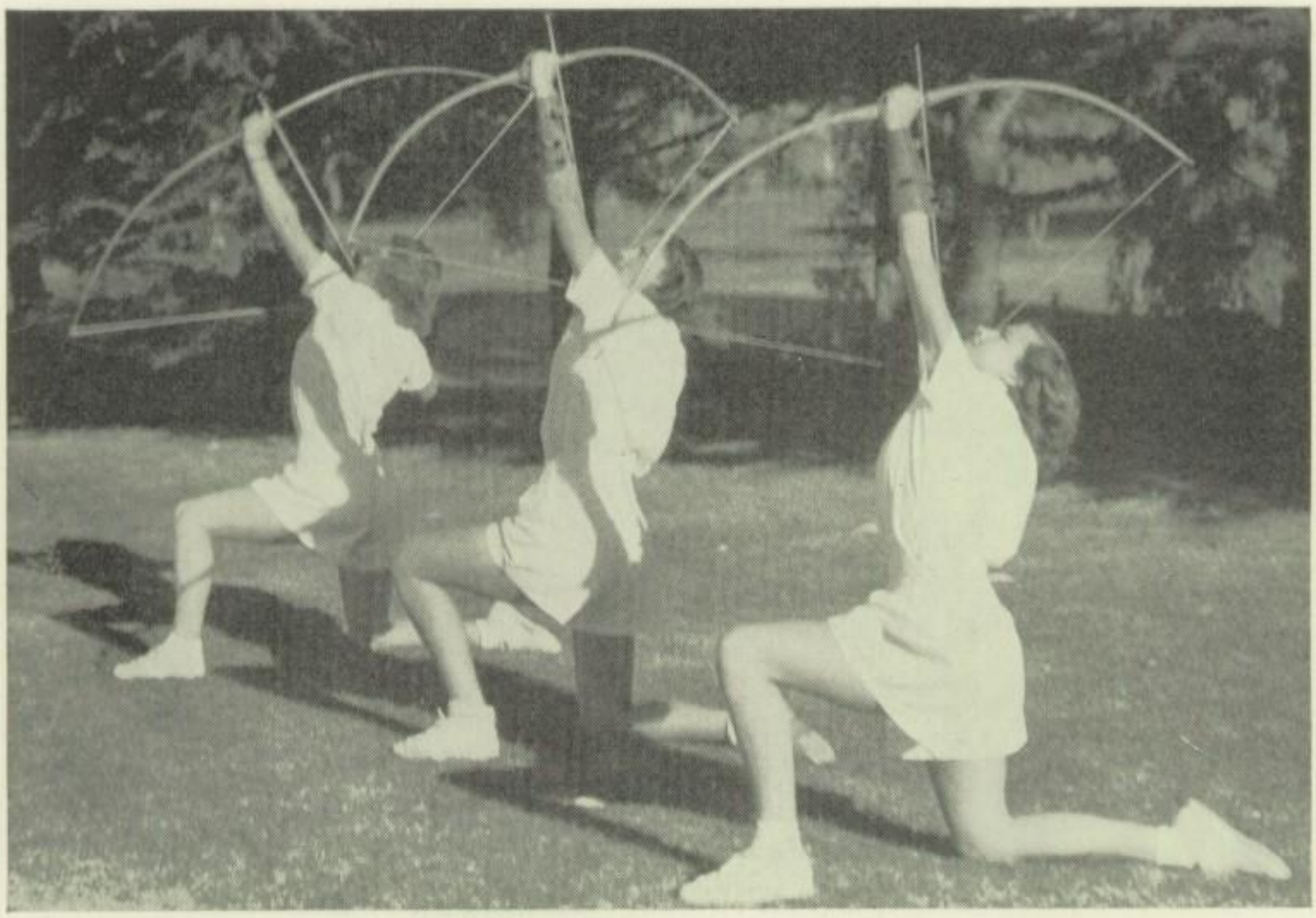
"Ground sticks, ground sticks, ground sticks," Crack! and the game started with tense players streaking up and down the field after the elusive ball, trying to hit it beyond the grim goal keepers between the goal posts.

With Spring comes hockey and since spring is such a delightful season hockey is very enjoyable. In the early part of April the Gold vs. Purple game was held and the sides were so equally matched and played so well that the score was a tie.

HOCKEY TEAMS

GOLDS		PURPLES
Rosalie Carpenter	L.W.	Hazel Abel
Barbara Brandt	L.I.	Gloria Jackson
Betty Harrington	C.F.	Joan Johnson
Marjory Benson	R.I.	Jane Garland
Suzanne Joy	R.W.	Florence Rollins
Katherine Doust	R.H.	Marguerite Tomlinson
Carol Smith	C.H.	Anna Sverdrup
Harriet Bartlett	L.H.	Peggy Hopkins
Pat Gibbs	L.F.	Anne Stitt
Camilla Austin	R.F.	June Sugg
Betty Chapman	G.	Peggy Scripps

ARCHERY



This year more people than ever before have displayed such enthusiasm for archery that it is now one of the main activities of the school. We sincerely appreciate the efforts made by Miss Green in advancing this sport and for the clever idea of having a stuffed "William Tell" with an apple perched on his head as a target for the archery contest on Open Day March 11, 1939. This contest was won by Gloria Jackson.

Several "Round Robin" tournaments to develop accurate marksmanship have been held and have helped the girls become good archers. In the team tournament, first place went to Gloria Jackson; Second place, Katherine Doust; Third place, Loralee Smith.

ARCHERY TEAMS

GOLDS	PURPLES
Pat Gibbs	Gloria Jackson
Lee Goebel	Loralee Smith
Katherine Doust	Jane Garland
Barbara Brandt	Anna Sverdrup

TENNIS

Tennis matches helped make Thanksgiving a particularly big day, perhaps more so for the Golds, as they won all the matches. Four girls were chosen to represent the school in the Ojai tennis tournament in May and several entered the Harper Ink tournament in San Diego in the spring. Barbara Brandt was runner-up in the Ink tournament this year with a score of 6-3, 9-7.

TENNIS TEAMS

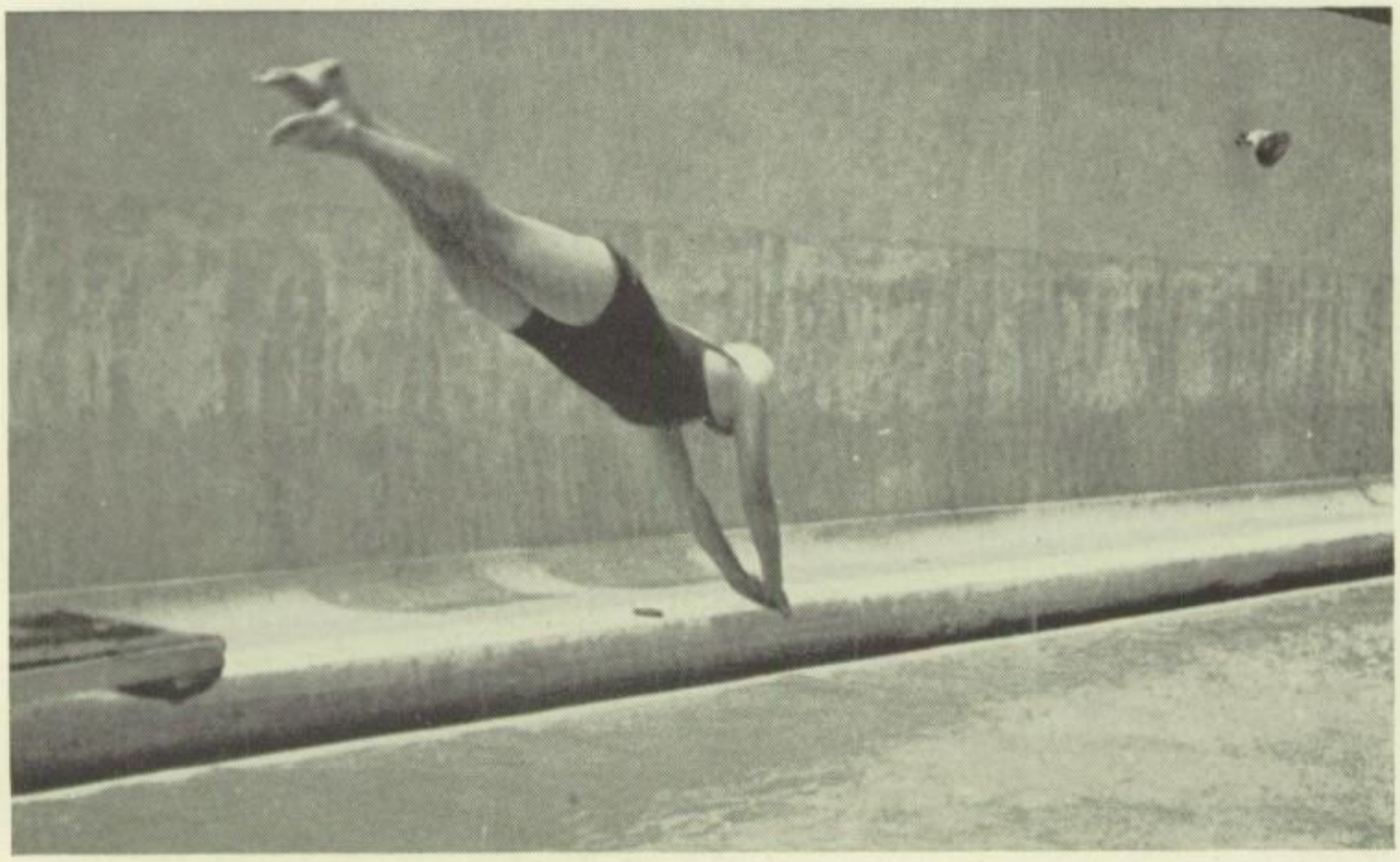
GOLDS	PURPLES
First team singles	
Barbara Brandt	Mary Jane Mendelsohn
Second team singles	
Pauline Bruce	Joan Johnson
Doubles Team	
Suzanne Joy	Ann Stitt
Betty Harrington	Patsy Marsh

RIDING

Moonlight and breakfast rides over mesa trails, tea rides to nearby Torrey Pines, and what might be called a distant relation of polo played on the beach, constituted a few of the activities of the Riding Club.

A gymkana was held in the spring, in which the riders displayed their fine horsemanship in a competitive drill, horsemanship contest, egg on spoon race, and other events. Riding has recently become one of the important sports of the school, due to a revival of the interest shown in it in earlier Bishop's days.

SWIMMING



When the weather became warm enough, the girls "took to the water" like the proverbial duck and spent many happy hours splashing around in the pool. A certain amount of work was required, however, in the form of tests to determine the ability of the swimmers.

A meet was held in the spring between the best swimmers of each team. The winning team, as well as individuals, received points.

FEATURES

And what of comradeship?
New friends and old renewed
In common interests?
What of the hours we spent,
The days we knew?

THE CALENDAR

1938-1939

September

20 School began well—except unpacking—with old girls and new girls alike learning the proper names for the proper faces at the first tea.
24 Some girls still don't know the point to the first grill supper's traditional Shaggy Dog story. Do you?

October

1 The Faculty showed their true colors this year at their annual party.
2 Friends and parents of Juniors and Seniors poured into the Drawing Room for light conversation and more filling tea.
7 Pep Day! Golds, Purples, and New Girls fell all over themselves in their attempts at "school spirit."
8 We sang Negro spirituals and learned Negro history with Mrs. Basset.
9 Miss Stankovitch sharpened out political points of view by talking of Jugoslavia.
15 We were much interested in the dramatic interpretations of Mr. and Mrs. McGaw.
22 Less formal fun on a free night.
29 The hidden wonders of Central Mexico were cleverly described by Mrs. Shields.
30 Sophomores, Freshmen, and Lower Schoolers received their friends and relatives at tea.
31 On Hallowe'en the Seniors let us know that the historic spade had been found—in the fish pond. Movies followed.

November

5 Hurray! The first boarders' weekend!
12 It was fun seeing interesting movies of Japan taken by Mrs. Kellogg.
19 The Seniors were in their second childhood for their Mother-Goose party.
24 Pilgrims, basketball, turkey, drills, tennis and a Faculty play made Thanksgiving the most exciting day in the year.
26 Miss Beatrice Edmonds delighted us by reading Thornton Wilder's "Our Town."

December

3 We were truly thrilled by John Crown's wonderful piano playing.
11 The Candlelight Service; O'Henry's "Gift of the Magi" read aloud—
14 Percival Wilde's Christmas play "Kings of Nomania" dramatized—
15 The Christmas party, a marionette interpretation of The Nativity—
16-4 and the caroling of the Seniors preluded the spirit of Christmas vacation.

January

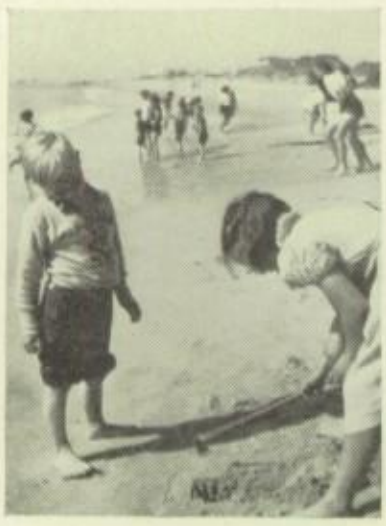
4 We returned happy but tired—needing a vacation from vacation.
8 We admired and envied the talent of that charming young pianist, Barbara Steinbach.
15 The Juniors' European Historical party transported us to Versailles' Hall of Mirrors.
21 Fun! A free night.
28 Mrs. Marie Link Elmore sang French, German, and Italian lyrics for us.

February

4 Judging by the amount of devoured sandwiches and consumed tea the El Miradero Bridge-Tea was a real success. Evening brought Eurythmic dancing and plays.
5 Mrs. Mellonino began her series of three recitals with the works of Chopin.
10-12 One would think 'twas the world's end instead of the second boarders' weekend.
17 The Senior dance left the Seniors happy and the rest of us—guessing.
18 Two by two the animals poured into Noah's Ark for the Sophomore party.
25 "Free night" found our feet fatigued, our spirits sleepy, and our bodies in bed.
26 French students were privileged to listen to a lecture "En Francaise," by Mme. Siron, a French visitor.

March

4 The movie of Dicken's "Great Expectations" made an exciting evening.
8 A French play entertained those who knew French, and puzzled those who didn't.
11 Open Day! The customary thrills of class drills, folk dances, "Danish," and awards plus Miss Edmonds' reading in the evening.
17-28 Bang! They're off—for Spring Vacation.
28 Back again, "ready, willing and ah-er-um—able."



April

1 Tennis pupils raved over Mr. O'Hara's party, riders over a moonlight ride, and others over a free night.

8 We rivalled the children of "Children's Day" in sunburns, baseball, and ice-cream eating.

9 Easter Day with white veils in Chapel, eggs on the lawn, and tea, singing, and shuffleboard.

10 A wildly exciting game climaxed the hockey season.

11 The skilled archers showed off—to advantage—with a tournament.

15 The Juniors "came, saw and conquered" the pride of the Seniors in their takeoff.

21 A Senior Dance! The Gym was ablaze with lights and the Seniors with excitement.

22 Much dancing; tap, tango, and Virginia Reel, made the Freshman Party great fun.

29 We wondered what the adept magician, Mr. Gunn, had up his sleeve.

30 Mary Marston and Pat Gibbs showed us what good pianists they really are.

May

6 May Day pageant, in full costume. Dramatic Art students presented a spirited performance of "Alice in Wonderland" to the May Queen and her court.

13 The third boarders' weekend came as the "'Pause that Refreshed."

20 At the horse show our equestriennes showed that their ability wasn't just talk.

The Senior-Junior banquet was well garnished with speeches and merrymaking.

21 At the piano recital the excellent year's work of Miss Steinbach's pupils was heartily applauded.

26 We always said Mr. Hayden spoiled the Seniors and his party proved it!

27 The swimming meet was a splashing success! That evening Miss Edmonds was again welcomed.

June

3 After a charming—and exclusive—party, the Lower Schoolers departed.

7-9 Final Exams were exciting—to say the least!

10 The June plays finished our dramatics year dramatically.

11 The Baccalaureate Service was more beautifully impressive than ever.

12 Commencement was sad, for we realized, at last, how much we'll miss our Seniors.

The Bishop's Reception and June Dance—fusion of School and Vacation—ended a grand year.

THE SENIOR WILL

MARY MARSTON leaves her Mother to the Bishop's School, for future use.

ANN AUSTIN leaves her ability to listen to Mary Isabelle Gifford.

CAMILLA AUSTIN and DAPHNE EACHES leave their inseparability to the former inmates, Rankin and Heyneman.

BETTY BERNHARD leaves her light step and fairy tread to Marjorie Heyneman.

BARBARA BRANDT leaves her scintillating ability to catch a joke in record time to Loralee Smith.

BETTY CHAPMAN leaves her brother to the Lower School.

KATEY DOUST leaves all her cancelled airmail stamps to Martha Hall.

PAT GIBBS leaves her ALL aroundness and up and downness to Mary Morehead.

LEE GOEBEL lègue ses cheveux longs a Mademoiselle Cheron.

BILLY HARRINGTON leaves her eyesight to Miss Mendum, for the protection of future generations.

BETTE HOLT leaves her me, me, me, me's to Pat Beaumont.

JOAN JOHNSON leaves the choir to "Biscuit" Benson.

PATSY MARSH leaves Lord Byron to Barbara Converse.

ELLIS McKELLAR leaves her rubber heels to Miss Brown and Miss Bryce.

M. J. MENDELSOHN leaves her Canadian simplicity to Priscilla Carruthers.

NANNY NILON wills her hunk of feminine fatigue to June Wise.

PEG SAMUELS leaves her wide, wide world to Kay Sullivan.

PEGGY SCRIPPS leaves her freedom of expression to Nackey Scripps.

MARLOU SHORT leaves her modest blushes to Corky Van Riper.

CAROL SMITH leaves her school shoes to Ann Boal.

LEE STEWART leaves her jitters to Muffy Brewer.

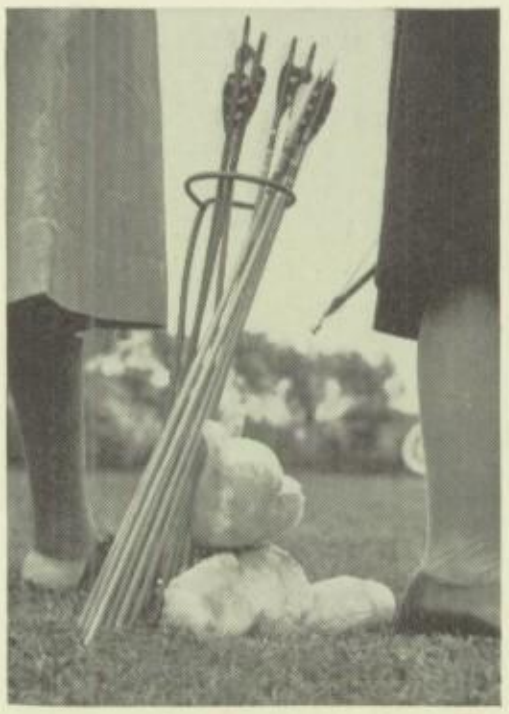
JUNE SUGG leaves her color to Janice Donohue, just for a change.

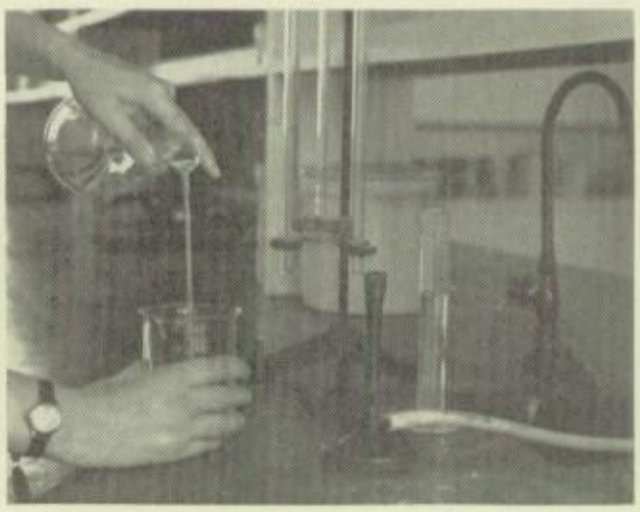
JANET WANNER leaves her keys to Jeanie Diefenbach.

ELLEN TORREY bequeaths her medical interest and bedside manner to Ann Heald.

SNAPS

SNAPS





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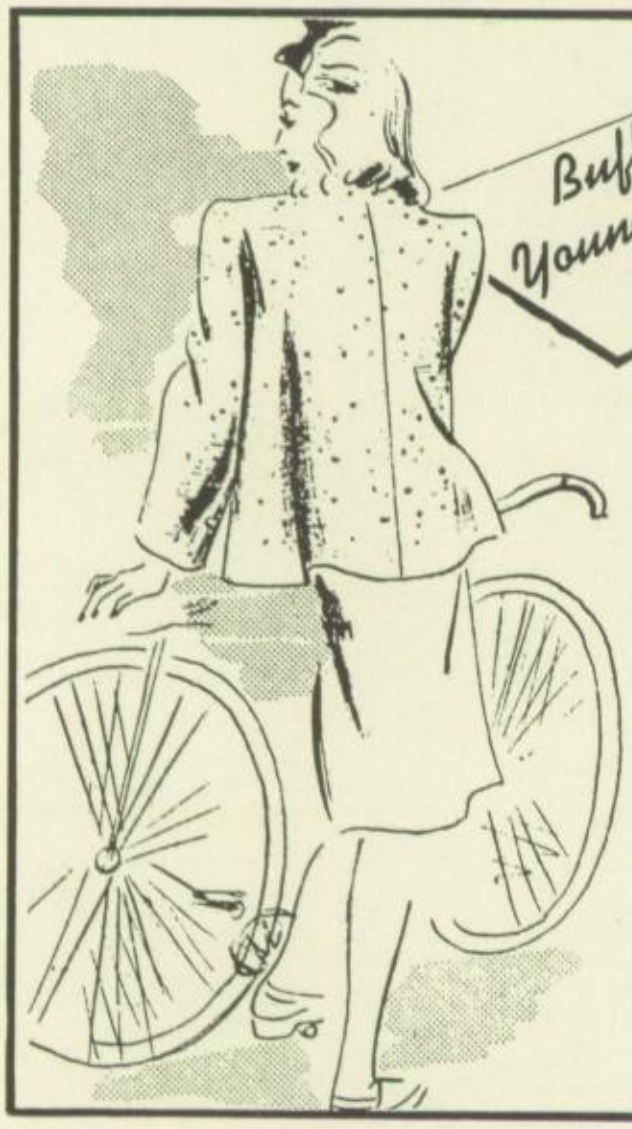

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